

# THE YAZOO CITY WHIG AND POLITICAL REGISTER.

STEVENS, Editor and Proprietor.

YAZOO CITY, (MI.) FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1839.

VOL. 4, No. 24.—Whole No. 180.

Yazoo City Whig and Political Register.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,  
BY J. A. STEVENS,  
(CITY PRINTER.)

On Main Street, opposite M. B. Hamer's, in  
the north end of the "Manchester Hall."

**TERMS.**—The Whig will be furnished to sub-  
scribers at \$5 00 per annum in advance; \$5 50  
at the termination of six months, and \$6 00 if not  
paid until the expiration of the year.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of  
\$1 00 per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents  
for each week thereafter—ten lines or less, con-  
stituting a square. The number of insertions re-  
quired, must be marked on the margin of the man-  
uscript, or they will be inserted till forbid, and  
charged accordingly. Advertisements from a dis-  
tance, must be accompanied with the cash, or  
good reference in town. Announcing candidates  
for office will be \$10 00 for county offices, \$10 00  
for State offices—in advance.

**Yearly Advertising.**  
For forty lines or less, renewable at pleasure  
\$60. No contract taken for less than one year—  
and payable half yearly in advance.  
The privilege of annual advertisements is limited to  
their own immediate business; and all advertise-  
ments for the benefit of other persons, sent in by  
them must be paid for by the square.

**Professional Advertisements.**  
For 10 lines or less, not alterable, 3 months, \$12  
" 10 do do do 6 do do 20  
" 10 do do do 12 do do 30  
As the above rates are the same as those estab-  
lished in Natchez, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand  
Gulf and elsewhere in this State, no deduction  
will be made from them in any case whatever.  
**ALL JOB WORK MUST BE PAID FOR  
ON DELIVERY.**  
Letters on business must be post paid, or  
they will not be taken out of the Post Office.

## To the Public.

The rights of editors and publishers of papers  
have been too long neglected. Justice will never  
be done unless themselves assert their rights  
and enforce the most rigid rules, which in the  
end will be found salutary to the public and  
beneficial to those engaged in the press. Pub-  
lishers of papers have been so long imposed upon  
by the community at large, that they are con-  
sidered to some extent a degraded class of beings,  
when in fact there is no vocation in life so hon-  
orable, deserving of so high consideration, pro-  
ductive of so much good, a class that exerts so  
powerful an influence. It is known to be proverbial  
for the debtors to newspaper publishers to consider  
their demands as the last to be paid—debts to  
which there is attached no moral obligation, and  
which they are loath to pay with justice and  
honor; hence, it is incumbent upon the con-  
ductors of the press to assert their own rights,  
and resolve, severally and jointly, to bring all  
patrons of newspapers under the same obligations that  
attach to other contracts, or always remain in po-  
verty and want, with thousands due them from the  
most solvent men in the country.

We call upon all editors and publishers of pa-  
pers who approve of the following rules, to endorse  
them by their signatures—place them at the head  
of their papers, and strictly adhere to them.

1st. No subscription received without payment  
in advance.

2d. No subscription received for less than six  
months.

3d. Advance payment will be required from  
all transient advertisers.

4th. To announce no man for any office, either  
State or County, without the advance payment of  
ten dollars.

5th. Political circulars charged as advertise-  
ments and payment required in advance.

6th. All advertisements of a personal alterca-  
tion will be charged double and payment required  
in advance.

7th. Election tickets will not be printed with-  
out order, nor delivered to any person without  
payment.

8th. All subscribers, without respect to persons  
who are delinquents, on the first of October, will  
be stricken from the list, and their accounts put  
in suit.

The above rules, we, the undersigned, pledge  
ourselves to abide by.

JAMES A. STEVENS,  
Editor and Proprietor of the Yazoo City Whig.

S. H. B. BLACK,  
Editor of the Natchez Courier.

BESANOR & HALIDAY,  
Publishers of the Mississippi Free Trader.

JAMES HAGAN,  
Editor and Proprietor of the Vicksburg Sentinel.

W. M. SMYTH,  
Editor and Proprietor of the Grand Gulf Ad-  
vertiser.

A. B. & S. C. CORWINE,  
Editors and Proprietors of the Yazoo Banner.

GEORGE A. WILSON,  
Editor and Proprietor of the Holly Springs Banner.

TAOMAS BROWN,  
Editor of the Rodney Telegraph.

J. M. DUFFIELD,  
Editor of the Grand Gulf Whig.

W. B. TEBB,  
Editor of the Fayette Advertiser.

NEED & NEWTON,  
Publishers of the Southern Reporter.

BAKER & CURTIS,  
Editors and Proprietors of the Southern Argus.

M. MOWER,  
Publisher of the Southern Sentinel.

ARCA S. CLARK,  
Publisher of the Port Gibson Advertiser.

GEORGE R. KIGER,  
Editor of the Gallatin Star.

WM. M. TOLBERT,  
Publisher of the Democratic Union.

A. B. BECKWITH,  
Proprietor of the Independent Journal.

June 1839.

**DRS. BARBER & BARNETT**  
Practice their profession in conjunction.  
Office on Jefferson Street, next door  
to the Washington Hotel.  
Yazoo City, Nov. 20, 1839. 20-1f.

**BATTAILE & HAMER.**  
LAWYERS.  
ADDRESS:  
JOHN BATTAILE at Benion, } Mississippi.  
C. F. HAMER, at Yazoo City, }  
Feb. 22, 33-1f.

**A. W. G. & J. W. DAVIS,**  
LAWYERS.  
OFFICE AT GREENSBORO, N. C.  
Will practice in the several Courts of the 2d  
Judicial District for this State. Nov. 22-201f.

**JOHN MURDAUGH,**  
LAWYER.  
Yazoo City, Mississippi.

**NOTICE.**  
JOSEPH HOLT, of Vicksburg, Q. D.  
Gimes, of Yazoo City, and R. S. Holt,  
of Benton, have associated in practice in the  
Superior Court of Chancery, at Jackson, in  
all cases, from Yazoo.

April 19 41-4f.

**BLANK DEEDS**  
For sale at this Office.

**WM. B. WILSON,**  
Forwarding and Commission  
Merchant.

No. 6, NORTH 4TH STREET, Philadelphia.  
N. B.—Merchandise forwarded via New  
Orleans and Pittsburgh with care and des-  
patch at the lowest rate of freight. Also,  
goods of every description purchased to order.  
Commission for purchasing, 2 1/2 per cent.—  
Also money procured on Stocks, Acceptances,  
Uncurrent Bank Notes, &c. on the most rea-  
sonable terms, and particular attention paid  
to sales of Cotton.

REFER TO—N. & E. O'Reilly, Yazoo City.

R. Bala Keys, Yazoo City.

Thos. Hamings, Benton.

Philadelphia, Nov. 7, 1839. 22-13f.

**REGULAR PACKET.**

THE fast running Steam  
Boat **Bunker Hill**.

J. POWELL, Master, will  
ply regularly as a packet between N. Orleans  
and Yazoo City, the present season.

The Bunker Hill has been thoroughly re-  
paired and now stands A. 1 in all the Insur-  
ance Offices in New-Orleans. Merchants  
and Planters can ship cotton on her at lower  
rates of insurance than any other boat in  
the trade.

For freight or passage, having superior  
accommodations, apply on board.

Yazoo City, Dec. 6, 1839. 22-1f.

**NOTICE.**

THE Steam Boat **GANGES**, having  
been thoroughly repaired in New Or-  
leans, will resume her regular trade.

Grand Gulf, 21st October, 1839.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 1, 1839.

We hereby certify that Cotton shipped by  
the steamboat **GANGES**, will be insured at  
the usual rates of premium, said boat hav-  
ing been satisfactory repaired.

**Western Marine and Fire Ins. Co.**  
L. MATTHEWS, President.

**Fireman's Insurance Company.**  
E. L. TRACY, Secretary.

**Orleans Theatre Insurance Co.**  
J. A. DURLAN, Secretary.

**Louisiana State Marine and Fire Ins. Co.**  
CHAS. W. HORNOR, Secretary.

**Merchants and Ocean Ins. Co.**  
RICH'D L. ROBERTSON, Inspector.

**Atlantic Insurance Company.**  
EDWIN BRIDGES, secretary pro. tem.

**Grand Gulf Insurance Company.**  
LOUIS CRONELY, secretary.

Yazoo City, Nov. 1st 17-5f.

The Lexington Union, will please publish  
the above three times, and sent their ac-  
count to this office.

**NEW GOODS.**

THE subscriber has taken the store form-  
erly occupied by N. E. O'Reilly & Co.,  
where will be found a good assortment of  
goods direct from the North, consisting  
in part of

Boots & Shoes,  
Bleached and unbleached domestics,  
and Linseys,

6 Doz. fine shirts,  
Coats, vests, pants & handkerchiefs,  
Cravats, Suspenders, gloves, socks,  
&c. &c. &c.

—ALSO—

50,000 Spanish Cigars (different Brands),  
Tobacco,

Coffee, Sugar,  
Salt, &c. &c.

The above articles will be sold at the lowest  
CASH prices.

WM. WYMAN.

Yazoo City, Nov. 29, 1839. 21-1f.

**NOTICE.**

BY virtue of authority in me vested as  
Assessor and Collector of Taxes for the  
Corporation of the town of Yazoo City, I  
will expose to public sale in Yazoo City on  
Saturday, the 25th day of February next,  
for cash, to the highest bidder, the following  
property, to wit:

The west half of Lot No. 164, the property  
of D. & H. M. Armistead.

Lot No. 271, the property of J. H. Lawrence.

Lot No. 80, the property of J. G. Meares.

Lot No. 279, the property of D. McDonald.

Lot No. 189, the property of Drake, Rodgers  
and Pease.

Lot No. 190, the property of Drake &  
Rodgers.

50 feet of Lot No. 242, commencing at  
the Insurance office and running in the di-  
rection of Washington street, the property  
of John M. Parriot.

20 feet of Lot 243, west side, the property  
of E. M. Adcock.

Lot No. 267, the property of Jas. Warren.

Lot No. 429, east, the property of N. Boar-  
man.

Lot No. 238, the property of J. Harman.

Lot No. 74, the property of D. Joslin.

10 feet, west side, Lot No. 235, the prop-  
erty of Nathaniel Royster.

Lot Lot No. 252, the property of A. W.  
Washburn.

Lot No. 409, the property of H. Courtney.

Lots Nos. 3 and 4, lying in the Commons,  
known as the property of John McElwee.

The above named property lying and be-  
ing in the corporate limits of Yazoo City,  
as laid down on the Map of said town, is  
levied on to pay the taxes of the above  
named persons, due the President and Sec-  
retary of said town for the year 1839.

THOS. G. ROGERS, A. & C.

Nov. 27, 1839. 21-14f.

**WANTED TO HIRE.**

A female servant capable of doing the  
work of a small family, can receive good  
wages by applying at this office immedi-  
ately.

Dec. 6, 1839. 22-1f.

## POETRY.

### The Hour Glass

BY J. Q. ADAMS

Alas how swift the moments fly!  
How flash the years along!  
Scarce here, yet gone already by!  
The burden of a song  
See childhood, youth and manhood pass;  
And age with furrow'd brow;  
Time was—time shall be—drain the glass—  
But where in time is now?

Time is the measure but of change;  
No present hour is found,  
The past—the future fill the range  
Of Time's unceasing round.  
Where then is now? In realms above  
With God's astonishing Lamb,  
In regions of Eternal Love,  
Where is enthroned I AM.

Then, Pilgrim, let thy joy and tears  
On Time no longer lean;  
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears  
From Earth's affections wean.  
So God let votive accents rise;  
With truth—with virtue live;  
To all the Bless that Time redeems,  
Eternity shall give.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The Devoted Wife.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

She was a beautiful girl. When I first  
saw her she was standing up by the side of  
her lover at the marriage altar. She was  
slightly pale—yet ever and anon, as the cere-  
mony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson  
crossed her beautiful cheek, like the reflec-  
tions of a sunset cloud upon the clear wa-  
ters of lake. Her lover as he clasped her  
hand within his own, gazed on her for a mo-  
ment with unmingled admiration, and the  
warm eloquent blood shadowed at intervals  
his manly forehead and "melted into beau-  
ty on his lips."

And they gave themselves to one another  
in the presence of heaven, and every heart  
blest them as they went their way rejoicing  
in their love.

Years passed on, and I again saw these  
lovers.—They were seated together where  
the light of summer's sunset stole through the  
half-closed and crimson curtain, lending a  
richer tint to the carpeting and the exquisite  
embellishments of the rich and gorgeous  
apartment.—Time had slightly changed  
them in outward appearance. The girlish  
buoyancy of the one had indeed given place  
to the grace of perfect womanhood, and her  
lip was somewhat paler, and a faint line of  
care was perceptible on her brow. Her  
husband's brow, too, was marked somewhat  
more deeply than his age might warrant; an-  
xiety, ambition and pride had grown over, and  
left their traces upon it; a silver hue was  
mingled with the dark of his hair, which had  
become thin around his temples almost to  
bareness. He was reclining on a splendid  
ottoman, with his face half hidden by his  
hands, as if he feared that the deep and trou-  
bled thoughts which oppressed him were  
visible upon his features.

"Edward you are ill to night," said his  
wife in a low, sweet, half inquiring voice, as  
she laid her hands upon his own.

Indifference from those we love is terrible  
to the sensitive bosom. It is as the can of  
heaven refused its wonted cheerfulness, and  
glared upon us with a cold, dim and fore-  
boding glance. It is dreadful to feel that  
the only being of our love refuses to ask our  
sympathy—that he broods over the feelings  
which he scorns or fears to reveal—dreadful  
to watch the convulsive features and gloomy  
brow—the involuntary sigh of sorrows in  
which we are forbidden to participate, whose  
character we cannot know.

"The wife essayed once more. "Edward,"  
said she slowly, mildly and affectionately,  
"the time has been when you were willing  
to confide your secret joys and sorrows to  
one, who has never, I trust, betrayed your  
confidence. Why, then, my dear Edward,  
is this cruel reserve? You are troubled, and  
refuse to tell me the cause."

Something of returning tenderness soften-  
ed for an instant the cold severity of the  
husband's features, but it passed away and  
a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the twin were sepa-  
rated from each other. The husband sat  
gloomily and alone in a damp dungeon. He  
had followed ambition as his god, and he  
had failed in his career. He had mingled  
with men whom his heart loathed, he  
had sought the fierce and wronged spirits  
of his land, and had breathed into them the  
madness of revenge. He had drawn his  
sword against his country; he had fanned  
rebellion to the flame, and it had been  
quenched in human blood. He had fallen  
—miserably fallen—and was doomed to die  
the death of a traitor.

It was his last night of life. The mor-  
row was the day appointed for his execution.  
He saw the sun shrink behind the green  
hills of the west, as he sat by the dim grate  
of his dungeon, with a feeling of unutter-  
able horror. He felt that it was the last sun  
that would set to him. It would cast its  
next level and sunset rays upon his grave  
—upon the grave of a dishonored traitor!

The door of the dungeon opened, and a  
light form entered and threw herself into  
his arms. The softened light of sunset fell  
upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his  
once beautiful wife.

"Edward—my dear Edward," she said,  
"I have come to save you: I have reach-  
ed you, after a thousand difficulties, and I  
thank God, my purpose is nearly accom-  
plished."

Misfortune had softened the proud heart  
of manhood, and as the husband pressed his  
pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on  
his eye-lash. "I have not deserved this  
kindness," he murmured in the choked  
tones of convulsive agony.

"Edward," said his wife, in an earnest,  
but faint fearful debility, "we have not a

moment to lose. By an exchange of gar-  
ments you will be enabled to pass out un-  
noticed. Haste, or we may be too late.—  
Fear nothing for me, I am a woman, and  
they will not injure me for my efforts in  
benefit of a husband, dearer than life itself."

"But, Margaret," said the husband, "you  
look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air  
of this dreadful cell."

"Oh, speak not of me, my dearest Ed-  
ward," said the devoted woman. "I can  
endure every thing for your sake. Haste,  
Edward, haste, and all will be well!"—and  
she aided with a trembling hand to disguise  
the proud form of her husband in female  
garb.

"Farewell, my love, my preserver!"  
whispered the husband in the ear of his dis-  
guised wife, as the officer sternly reminded  
the supposed lady that the time allotted for  
her visit had expired. "Farewell, we shall  
meet again," responded his wife—and the  
husband passed out unsuspected, and escap-  
ed the enemies of his life.

They did meet again—that wife and hus-  
band—but only as the dead may meet—in  
the awful communion of another world.—  
Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit,  
until the last great purpose of her exertions  
was accomplished in the safety of her hus-  
band, and when the bell tolled on the morn-  
ing, and the prisoner's cell was opened, the jailer  
found wrapped in the habiliments of their  
designed victim, the pale but still beautiful  
corpse of the devoted wife.

## JERUSALEM.

The present city, with its churches, mos-  
ques, houses, gardens, and fortifications, lay  
extended immediately below, and the eye  
took at a bird's-eye view, every house and  
street, and almost every yard of ground. The  
scene was certainly very imposing, and the  
appearance of the city, with its domes and  
cupolas, and the minarets of the mosques, is,  
from this point of view, quite magnifi-  
cent. The first objects which strike the eye  
are the two magnificent mosques occupying  
the site of Solomon's Temple. The one on  
the north side is the celebrated mosque of  
Omar; that on the south is the Mosque El  
Akra. They are close to that portion of the  
city walls which immediately borders on the  
Mount of Olives, and with the courts, por-  
ticoes, and gardens attached to them, they  
occupy a fourth part of the whole place, and  
present a most imposing appearance.

The town rises gradually above these, and  
the most prominent object beyond is the  
Church of the Holy Sepulchre, with its two  
domes of striking aspect; the one being  
white, and the other almost black. Here  
and there a lofty tower or a tapering minar-  
et rises above the gloomy stone houses of  
the natives. Of these the lofty tower or min-  
aret said to be built on the site of the house  
of Pilate, with its galleries and Saracenic  
decorations, appears most prominently to  
the eye, and the minarets of Ben Israel, of  
the Seraglio, and the one said to be placed  
on the site of Herod's palace. Most of the  
private dwellings were covered with low  
domes, and my intelligent companion pointed  
out to me the different churches and con-  
vents, and a long range of stone buildings  
surmounted by small cupolas, which he said  
was a college of dervishes. Altogether the  
city, as seen from the summit of the Mount  
of Olives, may be ranked as one of the finest  
of Oriental cities in its external aspect. A  
long line of battlemented walls, with their  
towers and gates, extends the whole way  
round that town, and a few cypresses and  
other trees throw up their leafy branches  
and the porticoes and gates of the mosques.

After the surprise and admiration which this  
prospect at first naturally excites has sub-  
sided, the bare, rocky and desolate aspect of  
the surrounding country, and the solitude  
and silence of the city itself, most forcibly  
attract the attention. Neither in the streets  
at the gateways, nor along the rocky mule  
tracks leading therefrom, is there any sight  
of life or animation. Some solitary woman,  
with her water pitcher, climbing the craggy  
eminence, or more slowly moving Pilgrims,  
are alone seen. The eye, on a closer scruti-  
nary, discovers large tracks of open and waste  
ground within the walls, and many a ruined  
house and dilapidated building. There is  
none of the bustle and animation ordinary  
perceptible about a large town. No moving  
crowds traverse the public thoroughfares;  
the ear strives in vain to catch the noise and  
hum of a large city, for such it appears to  
be; all is strangely and sadly silent. "The  
noise of the whip, and the noise of the wheels,  
and of the prancing horses, and of the jump-  
ing chariots," are no longer heard in Jeru-  
salem.

If we search for some carriage road  
or great public thoroughfare leading from  
the provinces into the city, we shall discover  
nothing beyond a narrow rocky mule path  
winding along the valley, and among the  
opposite precipitous elevations. We see no  
luxuriant foliage and verdant gardens wa-  
tered by running streams, as at Naples, and  
at Damascus, and at many other places to  
the northward; but on all sides bare rocks  
rear their sharp and craggy points, and a few  
wandering zig-zag paths lead between them.  
Every where around the city is extended a  
wild and solitary country, and to the eastward  
the eye ranges over the summits of bare  
arid elevations, and at last rests on the lofty  
and majestic range of blue mountains bor-  
dering the Dead Sea. Here on the summit  
of the Mount of Olives, we may legitimately  
indulge in the varied associations and recol-  
lections which the surrounding landscape so  
eminently calculated to draw forth. Here,  
undisturbed by the doubts which must in-  
vade every mind with regard to the identity  
of the different sacred places pointed out  
below, we can leisurely survey the whole  
prospect, and take it at a glance, the the-  
atre of the great events in the Jewish history,  
and of all the interesting circumstances at-  
tending the close of our Saviour's life.

On that consecrated enclosure immedi-  
ately beneath our feet, once stood the gorge-  
ous temple of "the wisest of kings," and in  
place of the clear deep chant of the muez-  
zin, which is the only sacred music now  
heard proceeding from the spot, once issued  
the sublime sounds of praises and thanksgiv-  
ings to the one true God, which accom-  
panied the solemnities of the Jewish worship,  
when "the Levites, which were the singers,  
being arrayed in white linen, having cyrn-  
als, and psalteries, and harps, and with  
them an hundred and twenty priests, sound-  
ing with trumpets, were as one, to make  
one sound to be heard in praising and thank-  
ing the Lord, when they lifted up their voice  
with the trumpets and cymbals, and in-  
struments of music, and praised the Lord  
saying, For he is good: for his mercy endur-  
eth forever."—Metropolitan Magazine.

**SWALLOWING.**—A young man, after enter-  
ing into a marriage engagement, communi-  
cated the circumstances to a friend, with  
the name of his intended bride.

"Indeed," said his friend, "you are aware  
she has been a mother, but not a wife."

"Yes, but I love her well enough to swal-  
low that."

"What is worse, she has two children."

The lover scratched his head—

"I did not know that, said he, but—I love  
her well enough to swallow that."

"Still more," said his informant, "the last  
was a black one."

"If I swallow that, d—n me!"

## CLIPPINGS

From the New York Sunday Morning Atlas.

"My last farewell!" as the shoemaker said  
when he retired from business and closed up  
his affairs.

No glasses affect the eye more unfavorably  
than glasses of brandy. So the optician says.

"O! hold your jaw!" as the Philistines  
said to Sampson, when he had slain a thou-  
sand.

"With a dun at his elbow, why is a man  
like some strong swimmer in his agency?  
Because he is over-board."

A young lady of the prudent school  
was recently so shocked at being asked to  
take some of the breast of a chicken, that  
she fainted! "Pon honor, 'tis true."

I O U are the vowels which create more  
disagreeable sensations in the minds of honest  
men, than all the rest of the alphabet to-  
gether.

A very quiet man being asked by his com-  
panions in a mob, whether he could not con-  
tribute to "kick up a dust," very good naturedly  
said, "No; but if you will let me fetch my  
wife, she can do it in little less than no  
time."

You that have children, don't pat them  
on the head and say, this is my son, and I  
expect to have the honor of seeing him pre-  
sident of the United States one of these  
days—because one of these days, you may  
have the honor of seeing him peeping thro'  
the gratings of a prison.

There is a toper about the mock auction  
room-shop in Chatham street, whose breath is  
so strong that he bangs his coat on it.

"Music hath charms," as the thief said  
when he stole the harp.

Shun the company of bar-room loafers,  
political brawlers, bedbugs, fleas,